II

SUMMERING IN THE ALLEGHANIES

"Well, here's the realization of one pet ambition." So I thought that morning in mid June when we set out for Highland county. For had I not looked for two years at beautiful Shenandoah with an ever increasing desire to explore the far-famed valleys beyond? We were a merry party of five: Dr. W. E. Hudson of Staunton, superintendent of home missions for Lexington Presbytery, and this morning the guiding spirit of that taker-of-mountains, his trusty Ford; Mary Lippard, class of '22, H. N. S., who was to stop at West Augusta to share some of her home economics knowledge with the people there; Miss Blosser, who had been at Middle Mountain last summer and who was to direct the work this summer; myself, her assistant; and my mother, who was having the time of her life. The first part of the trip out through Augusta county was uneventful and we made good time. For lunch we stopped at a friendly spring by the roadside. Then on into the mountains and over them. Shenandoah, always such a mystic blue from the campus, turned out to be a most prosaic green upon closer acquaintance. After crossing another mountain or so we came into McDowell, known to all loyal Harrisonburgers as Supt. Keister's birthplace. Next came Monterey, beautiful Monterey. One would say, that jewel among southern mountain towns, were it not so much more like a flower, a great jessamine with the white houses for petals and the encircling hills of green for leaves. We stopped our car upon the crest of the mountain and let the picture engrave itself upon our minds. Then we went on over a few more mountains to find the Crabbottom Valley spread out before us. There had just been a rain and the hills of bluegrass were a flawless emerald. Some of the finest grazing land in the state is to be found in this long narrow valley, and its cattle are ranked among the very best in the country. It gets its name not from the variety of crabs that afforded a topic for a senior essay in '21, but from the crabapple trees whicch were once very plentiful along the river. Just in the town of Crabbottom we crossed this river, a part of the south branch of the Potomac. Over near McDowell we had crossed the Calf, Cow, and Bull Pasture Rivers, the three of them later uniting to form the headwaters of the James. Truly everything seems to come out of Highland county, not only Reba Kramar and the Sweckers, not only Miss Stephenson, not only Mr. Keister, but even the James and Potomac Rivers.

At the Crabbottom stores we took unto ourselves some of the necessities for beginning house keeping. There were still four of us in the car, not to mention the various suitcases, umbrellas, etc. So by the time we had laid in a minimum "starter" for our pantry, we were pretty heavily loaded, even for a Ford. And there was still a mountain and a half between us and our destination. At least we had to go up and down Lance and then up Middle. And climbing Lance is no experience for a fellow with a weak heart. The grade is tremendous. I am not mathematician enough to say how many degrees—but if it were more, then elevators would have to be substituted for road vehicles. And if getting up Lance was thrilling, getting down was even more so. The road is level, with a good surface, but exceedingly narrow and cut into the side of the mountain so that one does not have to speculate as to what would happen if the car should skid ever so little. But soon we were safely down with a sigh of thankfulness for a skillful driver, and there, nestled before us in a tiny valley of surpassing beauty, was the home of the first one of our patrons. Truly we were drawing near. The climb up Middle Mountain is one of the experiences you come to Highland county for. The grade is good, and as a consequence the road winds around the mountain, giving quick glimpses of the valley below and of the road across on Lance, now a terra cotta ribbon woven in and out in the green mountain side.

We had left Staunton at noon. It was almost eight o'clock and twilight when we pulled up at the Middle Mountain School and Cottage. We were tired and exceedingly dusty, but comforted by the news that a warm supper awaited us. It was hard to go up to the neighbor's house without first looking over our own domicile, but that warm supper prevailed. When we found that only half our house—luckily the back half, including the kitchen —was finished, we accepted the

invitation to spend the night. We were with lovely people and the experience of being in a real mountain home to start off with was worthwhile.

Late the next afternoon we moved in. That is, as much as the carpenters would give us room to move. But when one sees his house, his own house, with two rooms temptingly finished, how can he resist the temptation to take possession, no matter how cordial the invitation to stay elsewhere in greater comfort? As to the wisdom of rushing in so—well more about that later on.

Our house is a four-room cottage, with a modern bath room, a pantry, a deep closet in each bedroom, and an open fireplace. It was built by the Presbyterian Church to provide a home for the Middle Mountain teacher and for the worker the church keeps in the field. By doing this and supplementing the state salary a good school is being maintained. The school and cottage are set in a chestnut grove—I believe there will be enough chestnuts here this autumn to go around the H.N.S. student body—in two acres donated by one of the patrons. The school building is old and quite small, but in good repair. There is a spring on the hill above the cottage, from which our water supply is piped. The house is being furnished by the Presbyterian Church and will be a tempting item in securing a good teacher.

But that teacher will never grow up with the house as we did. We saw the partition separating the two front rooms put in, and Miss Blosser and I slept in those front rooms without a door or window. That however was before we had heard about the bear on Sapling. We did know that we had to be up, dressed and our cots moved by six o'clock when the carpenters came to work. But the carpenters were not all. So far the bath room was on paper. Little did we think that it would take any further shape this summer. But we had hardly got adjusted to the daily invasion of the carpenters when here came an entire truck load of Rockbridge county plumbers—and with them on the truck came the plumbing supplies. The sight of the bath tub and the hot water tank gave them entrance into our home and hearts. And to the delight of my mother, they had brought some dishes along. Just the few cups, knives, etc., that men take on a picnic lunch. But we were not choice about dishes just at that time. Now our pantry shelves are stocked with bowls and plates and pitchers and silver, enough to make the heart of any good housewife happy. But our arrival had been ahead of the dishes. We had found a most complete set of cooking utensils, and had some knives and forks. So we merrily partook of our thrice-daily repast from cake plates, a mixing bowl, tin cups and a small frying pan, not to mention a large frying pan reserved for specially honored guests such as Mr. Hart, the summer worker in this district. Nothing daunted by the sight of our hina, the plumbers also took dinner with us. That was the time that the high school boy who came along as their helper inquired rather solicitously, after looking steadily at me, as to where the nearest doctor was. When he was told nine miles, or a mountain and a half, he said, "Do you know, I don't believe I'd eat any more dinner if I were you." It may be that I had been getting the others started and had got behind, or it may have been the Middle Mountain air. Anyway it is "splendiferous" air.

Dishes were not our only problem—or shall I say source of amusement? This way of saying "122, please," and having your groceries appear like magic upon your kitchen table does not hold good upon Middle Mountain. Here one must wait until some one of his neighbors "goes in." Sometimes they go across the mountain trails on foot, then you ask only for mail unless the necessity is great. Sometimes they go on horseback, then you ask for butter and such essentials. Sometimes they go in a buggy or "road wagon," then you can depend upon their kindness of heart to bring anything you need. The condition of our pantry was worrying Mother. So when a day or so after we got settled she was invited to "go in" in a "road wagon," she accepted. She came back at the close of the day the triumphant bearer of a bountiful supply of such things as were to be secured in the "Bottom," and with enough strange flowers to supply one of Mr. Chappelear's classes for a week. She was, "not at all tired; no, not the least bit. It was just wonderful, such a beautiful road." But I noticed that she sat around a good deal the next day and at the present writing she has not accepted a second invitation to make the trip in a road wagon.

We were not entirely dependent upon

getting supplies from Crabbottom. Not with such royal neighbors. They took turns bringing us part of everything they had. They will always stand to us as symbols of the very essence of Southern hospitality. Why, the small boys even brought us a ground hog! We were hungry for fresh meat and had expressed a desire to get acquainted with the "whistle pig," as the ground hog is here called. I had always looked upon a ground hog as a sort of invention of the newspapers to write witty comments upon about February 2, or else an Uncle Remus character, I had never stopped to look the gentleman up in the dictionary and find that he was identical with the woodchuck. So to find him here, the chief marauder upon the mountain, with a special fondness for young cabbage, and also an acceptable article of diet, interested me exceedingly. For several days these small boys had repaired to Sapling with Maje, who was to nose the whistle pig out of his hole and "shake him until he is good dead." Each day they told me that they would bring me a ground hog, but I paid no attention to it. Imagine my delight and consternation when they appeared upon the scene one afternoon with the aforesaid whistle pig. But their "Do you want us to skin him for you?" relieved me somewhat. Those boys do not understand the gentle art of surmising the meaning of new words from the context, nor do they unfailingly get their "f's" properly made. But since I saw them skin that groundhog I have had a very wholesome reverence for them. Then must the groundhog needs be cooked. After sundry soakings with soda water, and much parboiling, according to the boys' directions, we got him cooked, and screwed our courage to the tasting point. And only to discover that it was all for nothing! If Maje had only used a little more discretion and nosed out a youngster instead of a veteran of a year and a half, and if he had been washed a few less times, and not parboiled until all his savory juices were gone, why that whistle pig would have been delicious! I know, for I have eaten freely of his fellows since.

But we had other meat besides groundhog. The plumbers made a return visit and brought delicious steak from Staunton; the neighbors began to kill their lambs, and such lamb I have never eaten anywhere else. Then there were the chickens! The first chicken came with Mother from the Bottom. He would eat absolutely nothing and we decided that he either did not like the altitude or was on a hunger strike of some kind. Then Miss Blosser had a brilliant inspiration—she figured out that that rooster had a Freudian complex with white. She procured some orange peel and proved her theory. He had been fed on yellow corn and his color sense was developed in regard to no other color; he simply did not react to the stimulus food unless the preparent element was yellow. By the time we got him persuaded that the sitting room was not a desirable place to retire at night, nor the front porch, and that modern dietetics does not favor an unbalanced ration of yellow, it was his time to die. His immediate successors numbered two, an old hen and a young rooster, evidently not her offspring, since she beat him unmercifully for several days. Then she yielded to the exigencies of the situation and adopted him, calling him for bits of food with the softest of day-old-chick clucks, and even crowed in order to teach him how! We thought he was the vocalist and since by this time the carpenters had departed and our friend the Whip-poor-will had also moved his studio, we objected to the early morning serenade and hastened his death. Imagine our bewilderment the following morning when the same crow greeted the rising sun. Of course we thought it was his ghost walking around, but later found that it was only the old hen who evidently had an over development of the instinct to educate. We wondered if she got it through heredity or environment. Mother insists that she did not catch it from her.

Hardly had the plumbers finished when the mason came back. The fireplace was complete but there had been much parleying about the mantel. How delighted we were when he gave us our way and made it of stone! The chimney is of mountain limestone, left exposed. He built a supporting column of stone and the men scoured "the forks" for a large flat stone for the mantel. And how we do enjoy the open fire at night! The days are generally warm and pleasant, but when the sun sets you want to snuggle up in a wooly sweater and toast your feet at an open fire. Speaking of "the forks" reminds me that in a Binet test these children do not define a fork as "something to eat with," but as a river.

Middle Mountain is famous for its berries, but this has been an off year for fruit. The strawberries were almost gone when we came, but the few that we got will always remain a fragrant memory. The raspberries were scarce, whereas in other years they were bountiful, and the huckleberries and blackberries were not more than half a crop and faulty. With the apples and other fruits a complete failure, the poor berry crops are serious.

Mother went for berries to Sapling, a nearby ridge, with a neighbor girl. They went around the trail going up, but when they started down, one of these sudden mountain showers developed. So they undertook to come down the "side." Not having been along I can not vouch for the slant of that side, but it does seem to me that by the laws of physics she would not have come down a place as "steep as a wall." She did come down, however, only to hear the next day that a bear with three cubs had been seen on Sapling and that bears were particularly vicious just now. I have never seen that bear; some way my instinct of curiosity is not so fully developed as I thought it was. So I have contented myself with looking over at Sapling and sending that bear a taunting, wireless message. "You had better be careful, Mrs. Bear. You had better mind out. Maybe Mr. Duke will come." And do you know that sagacious bear packed up her trunk and left!

Bears are not the only beasts one encounters around here. Rattlers flourish on all sides. The people say that it is such a dry summer that they can not stay in their dens. Never before did I dream that there were rocky places where whole tribes of rattlers, even great grandfathers lived. The boys and men killed great numbers of them this summer, and I have shaken the rattles, safely removed from th owner, in order to familiarise myself with their warning. If I happen to hear that sound, I will be in good trim for a faculty dash on Field Day.

But to tell you where we are. Middle Mountain is between Lance and Alleghany in the extreme western part of Highland county, near the state line. The two forks that unite to form the north branch of the Potomac run on either side of us. Speaking of headwaters and divides, they say that there is a barn at Hightown, about ten miles from here, where the water from one side runs into the James and that from the other side into the Potomac. We are 4,000 feet high, on a plateau. The weather here this summer is unlike anything any of these people remember. July was quite warm in the day time and the nights were better described as cool than cold. August is more typical, cold mornings and nights and warm sun in the middle of the day. The air feels like October, and stimulates like wine. The skies are deep blue and the trees sing an autumn song. What I am to do without the music of these trees is more than I can see! I brought along an army hammock and have a sequestered spot near the cottage where I hang it. Then piled up with pillows and a book, with the sky for a roof, moss for a carpet, and the whispering leaves for walls with the sunlight filtering through! Over and over again have I read "The Marshes of Glynn" and "Sunrise" out here. Of course there is no sea and my oaks are mountain white oaks instead of the live oaks Lanier so loved in the South. Yet he seems to have caught the very spirit of the message that my trees sing to me.

"Ye lispers, whisperers, singers in storms,
Ye consciences murmuring faiths under forms,
Ye ministers meet for each passion that grieves,
Friendly, sisterly, sweetheart leaves.
Oh, rain me down from your darks that contain me
Wisdoms ye winnow from winds that pain me,
Sift down tremors of sweet-within-sweet
Teach me the terms of silence, preach me
The passion of patience, sift me, impeach me,
And there, oh there
As ye hang with your myriad palms upturned in the air,
Pray me a myriad prayer."

The mountain trees are mostly chestnut, but that is perhaps due to the fact that other varieties have been preferred for lumbering. A camp was once right in here, but the nearest one is now more than ten miles away. We are 63 miles from Staunton, and most of the communication is through Staunton. We are only ten miles from a branch railroad in West Virginia running up the head of the Green Brier Valley, but there has not been a passable trail until recently. The season is noticeably shorter here than in the Shenandoah Valley. Corn does not grow well enough to make hogs profitable. Considerable maple sugar is made, and buckwheat

is grown. There are many new flowers, and beautiful ones. The one we have enjoyed most has been the rhododendron, or big laurel. The "dreens" where it grows have been a bit of fairyland. Then the ground is covered with wintergreen, or tea berry, as these children call it. They not only eat the berries but chew the tender leaves—they have a good "chewing-gummy" taste.

We had a six weeks' day school, from 8 o'clock until 11 o'clock each morning. Miss Blosser had the upper grades and I the primary. We had only one small room, but I went outside for a good part of my work. We had a night school two nights in the week, a combination night school and lecture course. Then we had Sunday school, an afternoon service on Sunday, and a prayer meeting. We found an organ here and no one to play it. Now back in the old days I had had some skill at such things. So I tackled the proposition although with some little misgiving. The organ squealed and pumping it was a task, besides I was rusty and never could carry a tune worth speaking of. But my success was unprecedented and unbelievable. I will go down in history as "the woman who played the organ." Why, one small girl told me the other day that she loved to hear me sing! And I have two quite promising music pupils. But then that is not the only compliment I have been getting. When I told a small boy who wanted me to race with him that I was too old, he looked at me disapprovingly and replied, "Why, you aren't too old. Any woman can run until she is twenty-five."

Among the most interesting things we did was the practice in timed work in arithmetic Miss Blosser gave her pupils. They made very rapid gain in their combinations, but there seemed to come out of it a greater gain than the additional arithmetic ability. Like the majority of country children these children have had mostly individual work, or work in very small classes. They found it hard to work in the large group and to time. This ability came rapidly with the practise sheets, and is a great gain for them in life in general. My little folks had never dramatized any stories. I hesitated, because they were so diffident that they would hardly speak above a whisper in school. But getting up my nerve I attempted it out of doors, with a large fallen log for the bridge which the three billy goats walked over when they were challenged by the troll. For several days they acted without the talking, leaving that for me to do. But gradually one by one they succumbed to the spell that it cast about them, and our part of the closing exercises consisted of about ten games we had learned to play. They did not react to my suggestion that they choose among the ones they knew, thus acquiring power of decision. "Let us play them all" was the unanimous verdict. And they got up inside the house, in the evening, before the large audience and talked.

The teacher and church worker on Middle Mountain have a very favored situation. These people are rather unusual. They are alert and interested in anything uplifting, they are co-operative and lawabiding in every way, and they are thrifty. In fact they have many qualities in common with the Valley people. Not for them the cornbread and sidemeat diet ascribed to the mountaineer. They work hard, early and late, while the short summer season is on and lay by stores for the winter. The women can everything available, and that they can well I can testify from experience. Things that are not suited for canning they dry, such as apples and string beans, or bank, such as turnips, apples, and cabbage. The women spin their thread and knit stockings for the family. They are quite adept at patching and darning and care for the family clothes most carefully. They are ready to share time and labor with you or with each other, and their homes are graced by a welcome that many homes better endowed with worldly goods lack. Indeed, these people are possessed of many of the virtues most typical of Americans, but then why not? They are Americans of the purest type, a little bit of the pioneer life at its best preserved here in the mountains uncontaminated with the alien influences, that have so sorely tried our present day civilization. In fact all these people need can be summed up in three things: a permanent church as a center for their community life, a good school giving its touch with the outside world, and some industry affording plenty of work for the men and boys. It seems a national tragedy that these people of purest American blood should be left with no help from our government in their economic struggle. Some day we may

build fewer ships as a nation and have more time to give to such problems as this. Whatever forms this upbuilding may take, one thing is certain, that in it the country teacher will play a most important part. And her life is no bed of roses. My respect for her has been constantly increasing this summer. I fail to see why when the politicians are looking for presidential timber with executive ability and experience in administration they pass her by. For these things are a part of her everyday life, as in such situations as this she goes quietly about her work holding her little flock together, teaching them the homely virtues of citizenship along with the three R's. And if we as a nation are to fulfill the glorious destiny intended for us by the God of the nations, then it behooves us to look well to the country teacher. She must have the best available training, she must have ample materials to work with, she must have a cozy home such as the Presbyterian Church has built here, and she must have our unfailing sympathy and co-operation. My hat is off to the country teacher! As Tiny Tim would say, "God bless them every one."

KATHERINE M. ANTHONY

III

PASTORAL ROMANCE

THIRD INSTALMENT

FRANCE—MONTREUX: LES BERGERIES DE JULIETTE

Despite the success of the *Arcadia* and its numerous editions, it found no imitators, and for the next pastoral romance we must turn to France, to *Les Bergeries de Juliette,* published by Nicolas de Montreux from 1585 to 1598. Prior to that time, pastoral verse in imitation of the Italian had been attempted by Margaret of Navarre, Marot, and Du Bellay, and pastoral drama by Montreux himself, but his *Bergeries de Juliette* is the first French pastoral in prose. This work, like the French pastoral poems, was modelled on the Italian. It contains a succession of scenes rather than a plot, and Warren quotes, as a summary of its contents, the sub-title of the first volume of the book: "In which through the loves of shepherds and shepherdesses one sees the different effects of love, with five jocose stories told in five days by five shepherdesses, and several echoes, enigmas, sonnets, elegies, and stanzas. Together with a pastoral in French verse, in imitation of the Italian." The "effects of love" are chiefly melancholy, since the Arcadian herdsman Phyllis, his sister Juliette, and the eight other shepherds of the story all love at cross-purposes, and experience the pangs of unrequited passion. The stories are coarse, and are frequently interrupted by the unsuccessful raids of evil satyrs. Though two of the five volumes of the book met with some success, the remainder found little favor. The formlessness of the work is due to the fact that Montreux' Italian models lacked necessary unity, and that he himself lacked the talent to mold his story in the way he wished.

D'URFE: ASTREE

The Spanish pastoralists, with their greater attention to form, were destined to exercise most influence on the French, and it was, therefore, the *Diana* that formed the model for the greatest French pastoral, the *Astrea* of Honore D'Urfe, published at intervals from 1607 to 1625, and finally completed by his secretary Baro after D'Urfe s death. The *Astree,* according to Dunlop's analysis, contains a main plot, concerning Astrea and Celadon, and thirty-four subplots, concerning various shepherds and shepherdesses who meet the chief characters in the course of the story. The main plot, as usual, describes a love affair interrupted by obstacles but reaching a happy conclusion. Celadon, a shepherd, loves Astrea, but a rival slanders his fidelity to her, and Astrea forbids Celadon ever to come into her presence again. The unhappy swain, determined on suicide, throws himself into the river, but he is borne to shore and thence taken by nymphs to a castle. Astrea, however, thinks him drowned, and a conversation with Celadon's brother recalls to her strangely feeble memory the fact that she herself had told Celadon, in order to conceal his affection for her, to pretend love for other shepherdesses, or "screen ladies." Astrea soon finds 'consolation' (soulagement) in the death of her par-